UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

ANTHONY JEROME GRIFFIN
Washington Correspondent

Peace—1935—*An Editorial* - - *James A. Fairley*

The Depression Takes Ahmeek
- - - - - *Gilbert Oberweiser*

Bill Simpson Is Back Again
- - - - - *Frances C. Jeffers*

The Munitions Merchants Go On Trial
- - - - - *Brent Dow Allinson*

Book Reviews - - *Taraknath Das,*
- - *Edwin H. Wilson, C. A. Hawley*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Achievement

Written on the Fifteenth Anniversary of the Boston Community Church January 1935

We shall go forward still—the goal is far,
And wide the field, where ancient creeds contend—
Where there are mental prisons to unbar—
A wounded world to heal, where wars impend
And Peace—frustrated waits . . . To this dark shame
We bring the creed for which the Master stood—
The broader vision and the holier aim
Of Universal Love and Brotherhood.

Counting the milestones passed, too short a day
In which to measure this great ministry—
Bearing the torch of wisdom on a way
Chaotic still, with doubts and calumny—
Knowing, while progress is beset with fears
That Consecrated effort must be made—
That, Glory of Fulfillment waits the years—
We shall go forward—firm, and unafraid.

ALICE M. SEAMAN

Katherine Weller
Missionary and Saint

On Friday, December 21st, in the wilds of the Carpathian mountains in Eastern Czechoslovakia there died a remarkable woman, Katherine Weller. She was known personally or by name and by her good works to many of the mountain women in the British and American Leagues, but in the district where she lived and labored she was regarded as a Christlike spirit by thousands of poor villagers and students. She had the true missionary spirit and was prepared to give up ease and comfort and go out to the rich and poor and needy in some distant part of the world,—a self-effacement not so marked today in the Liberal Religious churches, except in the Quakers, who since and before the Great War sent out workers wherever there was human misery and ignorance.

Katherine Weller (nee Crawshaw) was born at Stoweley in Darbyshire, England, in 1862. She had always a love of travel and also deep interest in international affairs. In 1888 she went to the United States. Later she went to Montreal where

(*Continued on page* 258)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIV MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1935 Number 13

TOLERANCE

The truth is large
No man hath seen the whole—
Vaster than speech
It brooks not the control
Of Creed or Custom.

No book can hold it,
No device or language.
Truth is the sun
And reason is the prism—
Your life before it—
Through which the radiance
Falls in various colors.

If this man takes the red
As you the blue,
Is yours the whole of truth?
Is his not true?
Spirit is Truth;
Howe'er the colors fall,
The fact goes back
To Spirit after all.

—*Anonymous*

Has the New Deal reduced unemployment? It has not; unemployment increased 5.4 per cent from October, 1933, to October, 1934. Has the New Deal cut down the burden of relief? It has not; relief increased 33 per cent, and the cost of relief almost doubled, between the two Octobers named above. Has the New Deal raised wages and increased purchasing power? It has not; the real weekly wages of industrial workers who still have jobs decreased 2 per cent in the year from October to October, 1933-34. Has the New Deal profited business? It has; the great industrial corporations increased their profits 76 per cent in the first nine months of 1934 as compared with the same period of the year preceding. All these facts and many more are presented in a survey just published by the Methodist Federation of Social Service as prepared by Dr. Harry F. Ward, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Administration measures for the lifting of the depression from the great masses of the people "have all failed", says this report, "or else have been too slow to make any appreciable impression." Only the money makers, the profit-mongers, have been benefitted.

The money-changers are back (says Professor Ward in his survey.) The New Deal measures which seemed designed to restrain the money-changers in the interest of all have served instead to intrench them. Roosevelt has continued the Hoover policy of seeking to save the debt structure by putting government credit behind the failing credit of big corporations. This has intensified the disease of our failing economic order—the piling up of a load of debt.

In other words, the net result of the New Deal is the enrichment of the rich and the impoverishment of the poor, which explains the growing evidences of luxury in the midst of misery, says the report of the Methodist Federation.

Concentration of ownership and income becomes increasingly greater at the top and the standard of living and culture for the overwhelming majority of the population is pushing steadily downward.

In everything pertaining to people generally, things are worse today than when the President took control. If this be recovery, let's have some more of the good old depression!

The defeat of the World Court is an event which should not be lightly forgotten. The ending of the long fight for entrance into the court in this Senate disaster is tragic enough, but worse than this is the significance of the event as a revelation of the forces little by little getting loose in this country. The blow to President Roosevelt's power and prestige is obvious enough. It is to the great credit of the President that he so heartily espoused the cause of the World Court, and so earnestly urged its adoption upon the Senate. That his support assured victory was taken for granted in the early stages of the fight, so unquestioned has been Mr. Roosevelt's command of the public mind. But now the White House has been soundly beaten, ignominiously thrust aside and trampled upon, by a set of as disreputable rabble-rousers as this nation has ever seen. Conspicuous among these despicable demagogues are Mr. Hearst and Father Coughlin. For weeks before the Senate vote, the unspeakable William Randolph turned loose the artillery of his great newspapers in a prodigious bombardment of prejudice and hate. News columns, editorial pages, pictures and cartoons were all used with utter wickedness to mislead the ignorant, corrupt the honest, and slander the cause of peace. One wonders how trained and intelligent newspaper men could prostitute themselves to the vile uses of this anti-Court campaign in the Hearst press! Father Coughlin, the Detroit air-artist, got his attack under way at a late hour, but with supreme effectiveness. On the Sunday before the vote in the Senate, the radio priest poured into his microphone a mad torrent of misinformation and deceit which would have done credit to a whirling dervish of the desert. On this poisoned flood of prejudice, Father Coughlin floated an appeal to his

moronic listeners to send in telegrams to their Senators demanding repudiation of the Court. The result of these labors of pressman and priest was an outbreak of stupid popular clamor which overwhelmed the Senators who had not character and courage to resist it. There were sincere opponents of the World Court, like William E. Borah and Hiram Johnson for that matter, who acted in this fight from true conviction. But the votes which tipped the scales against the Court were all of men, like Coolidge of Massachusetts, who ran away on feet speeded by arrant cowardice. The rabble-rousers, in other words, were victorious. For the first time in his career in Washington, the President was beaten by demagogic forces which have long been fostered, are now let loose, and may yet work havoc in the land. What seems to be impending, if this World Court decision means anything, is the loss of control by Mr. Roosevelt of the great mass of mob mania which he himself has created. The President for nearly two years, has been irresistible in his command of the people. But now the Hearsts and Coughlins and Huey Longs are on the verge of succeeding to his waning leadership, as in France, in revolution days, the Marats and Dantons and Robespierres succeeded to the Lafayettes and Mirabeaus. What this means when inflation and the Bonus and the Townsend Plan take the place of the World Court as the business of the day is not pleasant to contemplate.

While we are about it, we might as well remember that the United States is now engaged in building the largest navy in history, and that a navy means today exactly what it has meant since Noah floated his ark. With the doctrine of spending our way out of the depression, which means getting out of bankruptcy by adding to our debt, with this doctrine enthusiastically accepted by the nation, a militaristically-mad President can grab hundreds of millions of dollars for shipbuilding and armament purposes, and nobody, not even the pacifists, whisper so much as a syllable in opposition. Where are our peace societies, our church federations, the Federal Council, that they let Mr. Roosevelt get away with this business without protest? What is the hypnosis that this man imposes upon the public mind that it can remain silent in the face of this enormity? Dr. Libby, gallant warrior, is on the job. But who else? And yet it were better that these hundreds of millions of dollars now being expended for ships were cast into the midst of the sea, than used for this purpose of "a navy second to none." What will be done with this greatest of all navies is shamelessly proclaimed in the announcement of the Navy Department that maneuvers this summer will be held in the Pacific, off the coast of Japan. If this isn't a plain, downright act of defiance, like the "dare" of a gangster to a rival thug, will somebody please rise and tell us what it is? Deliberate, wicked provocation, that's what we call it and if trouble comes, it is Washington that will be to blame. Not that we have any sympathy with Japan, which we believe to be the most irresponsible brigand now at large in the world! But we insist that nothing is gained by meeting brigandage with brigandage, imperialism with imperialism, navies with bigger navies, and violence with madder violence. What is certain is that present policies are sweeping America and Japan straight into war. No absorption in domestic affairs can excuse indifference to this momentous and awful fact.

We warmly endorse Senator Borah's resolution calling for an investigation of the religious situation in Mexico. What is needed in that situation at this moment is light—a disclosure of what has actually been going on in recent months—and this an impartial Senatorial inquiry will surely achieve. What the Mexican government is trying to do is obvious—namely, to emancipate education from the power of the church, and to end the reign of ignorance and superstition which has too long prevailed in that unhappy country. What we very much fear is that the government officials, the type of heroic fanatics who always and necessarily appear under revolutionary conditions, have been carrying their war of liberation over from the field of education to the field of religion, and in their zeal for reform have been guilty of persecution and the consequent denial of free religious worship. To the untrained mind, the place where religion ends and education begins may seem to be dim. To the arrogantly materialistic mind, worship may seem to be as deadly as instruction. Unless news agencies have completely failed, or been betrayed, in Mexico, there have been widespread attacks upon churches and priests and communicants, at the command or with the connivance of government, which have outraged those ideals of spiritual freedom which are rightly so precious to the people of this country. We sympathize with our Roman Catholic brethren in their loud outcries of protest on this issue, and believe that Protestants and Jews and all right-minded citizens generally should join in denouncing whatever oppressions may have been visited upon religionists. As a matter of fact, Protestants have suffered with Catholics in Mexico, and in their own interest may well make common cause with them. But the important thing at the present moment, as we have said, is information. We must know the facts, and then upon the basis of these facts do whatever may be possible to protect the churches and their people from outrage, while at the same time guaranteeing to the Mexican government full right to deliver their citizens from a lingering medievalism into a progressive modernism. Senator Borah's resolution is therefore timely.

How much longer is the President going to be im-

mune to personal criticism on matters for which he is personally responsible? Thus far, Mr. Roosevelt has lived something like a charmed political life. Much of his popularity has sprung from the exceeding charm of his individuality. As much more has had its origin in the confidence of a people stirred to admiration by the intense energy, resourcefulness, and optimism of their chief executive. But a good part still is to be found in the fact that the President, to a shameful degree, has been willing to make use of scapegoats. Upon others he has persistently thrust the blame and the burden of deeds which he has wanted or even ordered done, but which, because of their ugly character, he has been unwilling to charge upon himself. The story of "Jim" Farley presents the most conspicuous instance of what we mean. This man, in his essential activity in the administration, is not an independent spoilsman practising his loathsome trade on his own initiative and responsibility. Rather is he an agent, a not unwilling agent, of a President who has persistently played the most partisan political game imaginable for his own private personal advantage in the election of 1936. Franklin Delano Roosevelt has done more to prostitute the civil service of this republic to the interests of candidate and party than any Democrat since Andrew Jackson—and Farley has been the man who has done the job! Another instance is that of Secretary of Interior Ickes in the notorious Moses affair. Mr. Ickes is the cabinet officer who issued the order for the removal of Robert Moses from the Tri-Borough Authority in New York as a condition of the payment of federal funds for the bridge now under construction. Anybody not in the kindergarten class of Washington politics knows that this order was an act of pure spite against a man who has dared to be independent of presidential dictatorship. And even those still in the kindergarten class know that the order was issued direct from the White House. Mr. Ickes, like "Jim" Farley, is just a tool for the doing of dirty business. That these men are willing to lend themselves to such business is as amazing as the President's evasion of responsibility is disgusting.

It seems amazing to us that anybody should take Lloyd-George's new social program for England with any seriousness. How can anybody take anything seriously which is offered by this discredited politician? For if we know one sure thing about this man, after all these years, it is that he has but one purpose in life, and that is to serve himself. There was a time when Lloyd-George seemed to be a flaming apostle of revolt. In the days before the war, when he was Premier Asquith's Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lloyd-George had every appearance of being the great liberal statesman of the 20th century, as Gladstone had been of the 19th. But there was a crack in the bell! More and more, as time went on, the crack spread, until all the ringing peal was out of tune. Clear as the noonday sun was it at last made manifest that the Welshman had all his life been resorting to one shrewd trick after another to make money, gain power, win fame and applause, and thus advance his own personal cause. Little by little all decent men turned from him as with a feeling of nausea. His party all but disbanded rather than follow his unscrupulous leadership. When he was driven into retirement, in 1922, Lloyd-George was like a leper around whom rang the cry "unclean, unclean." Now, restive from his years of idleness, and (probably) with his scurrilous autobiography finished, he seeks for an excuse to get back into public life, and with all the cleverness of a politician not yet in his senility, concocts a reform program for England to match Roosevelt's reform program for America. Trying once again to bestride the tides, just as he did in the post-war election when he rode into office on the indecent slogan, "Hang the Kaiser"! This is a come-back, we are told, like Gladstone's immortal Midlothian campaign. Not so! There is a fundamental distinction in the two cases. In Gladstone's case, even those who disagreed with him revered him, whereas in Lloyd-George's case, even those who agree with him despise him. We may be wrong, but we don't think Lloyd-George's broken cylinders will carry him very far.

Thank God, the war problem is solved! A New York clergyman, minister of the Church of the Healing Christ, has found the secret. He can prevent war, and tells us how. And it is so easy! All these reformers and pacifists, statesmen and philosophers and idealists, wrestling with this problem all these years, and getting nowhere—and here is the answer right at their elbows! So aggravating that it should not have been known before; and so irritating that, now known, it is not at once applied and the menace of war ended forthwith! In a little pamphlet, "How To Prevent War", we read the following epoch-making words:

> There is a method of preventing war which is both simple in its application and unfailing in its results. It costs absolutely nothing to apply, and it can be put into effect by anyone, anywhere, who is prepared to give a little time to it. That method is Scientific Prayer.
>
> If even a comparatively small number of people will learn to pray *scientifically,* and will then devote even a few minutes *daily* to Scientific Prayer for universal peace *there will never be another war.* Of course, it goes without saying that there are more than enough men and women of good will in the world ready to do this, and the only problem is to teach them how.
>
> Let me say here that I cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that it must be *Scientific Prayer* if it is to be of any practical use. Other methods of prayer, while excellent in their own time and place for other purposes, are of little practical use for the prevention of war. They will comfort the individual, purify and develop his soul, and arm him with fortitude to meet his troubles; but they will not prevent war. Only *Scientific Prayer* will do that—and that it will do it is beyond any question. It is only necessary that enough people (and not a very large number numerically) should pray in the right way, and war will not come.
>
> But what is Scientific Prayer? Scientific Prayer may be

briefly described as the Practice of the Presence of God. In order to prevent war, you should devote at least five minutes a day to the realization of the Presence of God in all the peoples constituting the half dozen Great Powers. . . .

You may begin your prayer by reading a few verses of the Bible, or any spiritual book that appeals to you, or by repeating a favorite hymn or spiritual poem. Then declare that God is everywhere, and that all men, in Absolute Truth, are now spiritual and perfect, expressing only Love, and Wisdom, and Intelligence. That, in Reality there are no separate nations. . . . Then declare that God is fully present in every man, woman, and child in Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, and the United States, and that they can only know and express Serene Peace, Divine Intelligence, and Divine Love. . . . You may conclude by giving thanks to God for the glory of His Own Divine Perfection, which never can change.

We count it a thousand pities that this program for preventing war was not known in 1912, 1913, and 1914, so that the Great War might have been forestalled. We rejoice that the discovery has now been made, so that the next war may be surely averted. We sink back in our editorial chair ineffably relieved. No further worries, thank heaven, about wars or rumors of wars!

Peace—1935

A forest fire on Cape Cod remains as a very distinct memory of boyhood days. The boy was allowed to go along with the men to see what could be done to stay the ravages of the devouring monster. Approach to the fire showed that little could be done by frontal attack. So resort was had to backfires. Small fires, easily controllable were started toward the main fire, beginning along a woods road, and fostered against the wind. Thus an area was burned over immediately in the path of the big fire, which for lack of fuel would die down, or come under control.

The sequel to this parable appears in any consideration of the problem of world peace. As far back as civilization can be traced society has formulated basic ethical principles and has wrought them into its traditions and written laws, and sought to impress them upon the conduct of its members. For us these laws, or *mores,* were formulated by the people of the Old Testament. The ten commandments are for us the first written statement of these basic ethical principles. But whatever their origin, whether oral or written, they are indelibly stamped on our western civilization. They are a fundamental part of all our common law and our statutory legislation. There they are and have been and will be. Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness; or using the short and ugly word, thou shalt not lie. Then in both testaments occurs the positive command, thou shalt love, which, while not incorporated in written statute, still remains as the golden ideal of all civilized life. These basic moralities and idealisms are the integrating force which makes any society possible, enduring and beautiful.

What then is war? What happens when any nation declares war? When its citizens are conscripted into the army and navy and sent forth to do battle with an enemy nation? All these ethical codes are repealed, and new ones take their place. Thou shalt not kill becomes thou *shalt* kill; thou shalt *not* steal, becomes thou *shalt* steal, thou shalt *not* lie becomes thou *shalt* lie. Thou shalt *love* becomes thou shalt *hate.* For say what we may about patriotism, courage, loyalty, these undoubted virtues of the soldier become prostituted in war to the ugly immoralities of individual and mass murder, deception, robbery, pillage and arson. For it is perfectly clear that in the long run of war each nation strives to outdo its enemy in all these hellish activities. Mass killing is exalted into a fine art; life saving becomes a crime. Truth is a vice; lying and deception are virtues. Destruction by burning, barrage of shells, and explosions is thought beautiful, while libraries, museums, hospitals and homes, treasures of beauty and of use, turned into smoking ruins, are hailed as trophies of victory and patriotic fervor. As Mr. Lincoln used to say of slavery, a nation cannot engage in war "without blowing out all the moral lights around us." Evil is exalted, good is debased. No deadlier blow can be struck at the very fundamentals of civilization.

Small wonder then that there is a long hang-over of the war moralities (or immoralities). After a nation has conscripted its citizens, repealed its entire ethical code, and in its place has enacted decrees which have exactly reversed all the age-old standards of conduct, required its citizens to kill, or support those who do, to steal, to lie and to deceive, it cannot be expected that the war mores can be changed overnight. So it comes to pass that murder, kidnapping, racketeering, all the hideous crimes which the nation has erected into the most exalted expressions of lofty patriotism, will continue long after the commandments to do them have been withdrawn.

Who is responsible for this national immorality? Who bids the soldier do his deadly work? Who pays him his wages of death? You and I, gentle reader, who choose to bow to the war hysteria. When a soldier kills his man with an obscene bayonet thrust, it is you and I who have bought him his bayonet and paid him his wages, and sent him out on his deadly work under heavy penalty for refusal. He is doing the job for us; he is our proxy. The 10,000,000 young men who died in battle or in hospital had the right to say to you and me, (with certain highly honorable exceptions) "you are our murderers!"

What can we do about it? Build backfires. Make ready against the time when the war hysteria shall be

raging around us, when the lying propaganda which carried so many of us off our feet; propaganda which was manufactured by our own war department for this very purpose, and which will be again when the occasion arises, is breaking our morale. Indeed what seems to be the main business of our obsolescent war ships, in their peace-time processions from one ocean to another, and their visits to our great harbors where thousands of men, women and children turn out to see them, all unaware of the fact that they are bowing the knee to the Moloch which may devour them and their children in his own evil day; what I say is it all for but to keep alive that very spirit which at the appointed time will be fanned into a devouring flame and which will sweep all before it in its devastating course?

Unless we can start back-fires of resistance. Back-fires of ideas; why should I, a citizen, command myself or my neighbor to commit murder, when all my life hitherto I have obeyed the commandment to do no murder? Back-fires of conviction. To quote Mr. Lincoln again, "It never can be right to do wrong." Fires of determination. I *will* not. Never again will I obey the command of a majority of my fellow citizens when they bid me to call evil good, and good evil, and send me forth to kill and to lie and to hate and to destroy. I am through. Such ideas, convictions, determined action will constitute back-fires of resistance of incalculable effect. According to the old Bible story ten righteous men would have saved the wicked cities of the plain. Already upwards of 10,000 ministers have gone on record in a declaration of war resistance. Hundreds of students in our own and foreign universities have taken a similar stand. Making all due allowance for shrinkage under the emotional pressure of war hyteria, of lying propaganda, bought and paid for by the "merchants of death" of divers kinds, there is reason to believe that enough men and women will be found to refuse to call wrong right to give any government pause before it plunges its nation into war. In the meantime back-fires of ideas, convictions, determinations will quietly be burning up the fuel in the path of the consuming flame of war. The sparks and brands will fall over into burnt-out areas and be extinguished.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

Jottings

We never ring up the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the most gorgeous caravansary in New York City, without marvelling at the name of the telephone exchange.—*Eldorado!*

Ex-mayor Walker, of New York, on his recent visit to Spain, declared that he was returning the visit of Christopher Columbus to America. What did poor old Columbus do, that, after these more than four hundred years, he should be visited with this insult?

Politics works miracles in many fields—among others, in ornithology. Thus, it created in 1933 an entirely new species of fowl—an eagle that was *blue*. This Blue Eagle was described at its hatching, by no less a man than General Johnson, as the "bird o' freedom." Now this same authority declares that it has become a dodo, not only dead but extinct. And all in two years!

The Ward Line has lost three steamships in five months—the *Morro Castle,* the *Havana,* and the *Mohawk*. It would seem as though, for this corporation, it should be three sinks, and out!

When we saw the great picture of George Washington on the front page of the Hearst newspaper, we wondered what the immortal George had done to gain such notoriety. Then we discovered that he was opposed to the World Court!

Just when Germany was winning the sympathy of the world, she made Adolf Hitler chancellor! Just when Russia was gaining the understanding and acceptance of mankind, Stalin staged his massacre! Just when America was attaining influence and leadership among the nations, the Senate rejected the World Court! What imp of the perverse is at work to spoil everything at the very moment when all at last seems well?

J. H. H.

The Depression Takes Ahmeek

A Story of the Michigan Copper Country

The depression hit Ahmeek like every other village, town and city in the States—only it struck harder. The mines quit working in 1931. And since the copper mines are the only means of income for the majority there—the land is too rocky for farming—the majority found themselves without any coming pay checks. What to do? Nothing. The miners had only to wait and hope, to care for their little patches of garden, chop wood, and sit in their houses. They were hopeful at first. The depression would blow over. All the others had. Why not this one? But Ahmeek was hit hard, sent sprawling on its back, laid flat.

I left Ahmeek and came to Milwaukee about the time things were getting bad, and it wasn't till last summer that I went back for a visit.

When I got off the rickety old bus that occasionally takes a lonely traveler or visitor from the railroad station at Calumet to Ahmeek (at other times the bus serves to transport school children), I beheld a familiar scene. One regains familiarity with his home town

atmosphere quickly after only three years of absence.

The few stores along the Main Street had not been built larger, nor had any deteriorated appreciably. The houses down the way looked the same. The hills and the deep brush surrounding Ahmeek seemed just as cool that sultry morning, just as green and beckoning as they ever had. The air was just as clean. But that was only a casual view, a surface look, at my old home town.

Much had changed in the way of Ahmeek's undercurrents. But I did not know then of the changes, of the impact with which the depression had really struck, of the bitterness of the old and the gay recklessness of the youth that had been brought about by the depression, until I had been home for over a week. Dad and my intimate friends, of course, had written to me during the time I had been away, but their letters had been mostly personal, and if any of the letters from my friends had reflected despair, I had missed its significance.

Dad was one of the fortunate few who still had work in Ahmeek. He had quit the mines shortly before the depression because of his health, and had taken the job as janitor for the school. They still have school up there, so Dad still has his job. But out of the thousand total population of Ahmeek, only a handful remain off the "dole." A very few—you could count them on your fingers—of the thrifty ones were still living on their dwindled savings. The mailman still drove over his route every morning. The mine superintendent had turned into the relief administrator. The few business men still ran their stores and beer gardens, not prospering, but making substantial existences at least. And there were a wee handful left working in the mines, just enough to keep the copper from deteriorating. But that was all. The rest of the thousand, the county fed.

II

On the second day of my visit I wandered across the street to see the Aust family. Orville, their son, was about my age. We had been school chums ever since I can remember, but when the "dole" had begun to be accepted as the standard of living for the people of the copper country, Orville had bummed his way to Nevada, which left only Otto, his wife, and his daughter, Grace.

Otto was in his garden patch behind the house weeding carrots.

"Hello, Mr. Aust," I greeted.

He brushed some of the dry mud from his hands, came over and greeted me. How was I?

I noticed that a great change had come over him since I had seen him last. His shoulders sagged. His hair had turned much greyer—almost an incredible amount for the short span of three years. And his face bore an expression like one who was being tortured from the inside, which gave him a sallow and aged appearance.

We went into the house where we sat down and talked while we each sipped a glass of wine. It is a custom of the people thereabouts to serve eats or drink to their callers. The Austrians serve wine. The Finns give coffee and cake. Perhaps those habits were brought over from their respective old countries and held onto, the community consisting mostly of Austrians and Finns. But whatever their origins might be, no matter how poor the family is, they are always able to produce a bite of lunch or a bit of wine for their visitors. And among them there, there are none of the stiff formalities of a bridge party or an afternoon "tea." You just go there and talk. You want to talk. They make you feel like it.

I wanted to get Otto to reveal some of his feelings about the mines being closed, and about his particular situation.

"When do you think the mines will open again?" I started.

His face clouded. "I don't know," he said. Then he went on sipping at his wine.

"They promised us that we were to have steady work by New Year's, 1932, and that turned out to be just when we were let out for good," he went on. "I don't believe in promises any more."

I couldn't get Otto to talk much about his conditions after that.

The miners of Ahmeek had been in high spirits that New Year's season between 1931 and '32. Almost everyone had bought a new radio on the installment plan. Then came the bad news instead of the good, followed by a period during which the ones who had not been so thrifty as the Aust's lived on a ration of pork and beans supplied by the County Relief. And they did not listen to their new radios. Radios were not on the menus of those who had to accept relief.

But it was not long before the effects of being jobless began to show itself on the Aust family, too. First they lost their radio, and then they had to sell their car—a Buick, which Otto had always kept shined and had been mighty proud of. Their money soon dwindled to nothing. They, too, had to accept relief. But they accepted it with bitter resignation. And from then on, everything went downhill for Otto Aust.

That Otto "didn't believe in promises any more," fitted perfectly with his sagged shoulders and sallow face. He was turning cynical. Anyone could see that. My old mind's picture of him didn't fit with the new and cheerless facts.

When Otto had been younger, we children always used to see him strolling to church every Sunday morning with a Bible under his arm, well groomed and bright. There had been a freshness, a happy way about him then. And that was the picture that had stuck with me. In those days Otto had taken great pride in his family and home. He had saved so that his two children might go to college. But the closing of the mines had relentlessly melted his bank account into nothing. Now things were different. Orville had bummed his way out to Nevada. Grace was at home, not at school. And his family was on the "dole."

Otto no longer whistled while doing the chores about his home. His church interest faded. There were other men like him, too, who no longer whistled so much, who had suddenly become old, and who carried the load of what the depression had wrought.

III

On the fifth night of my visit, Dad and I went over to Joe Reed's house to play pinochle. The cards were thick and sticky. I guessed the Reeds didn't get enough money from the relief to buy new decks of cards very often.

I tried to get Joe to talk about his point of view of the situation there. "When do you think the mines will open again, Joe?" I asked. It was the same lead I had used on Otto Aust.

Joe threw down a card.

"Don't know," he said in a rather easy manner. "It doesn't make much difference. We're just as well off with them closed. The only difference is that we don't have to slave underground all day. The country won't let us starve. They dassn't."

"Wouldn't you rather work?" I asked.

Joe laughed. "Sure," he said. "I get damned tired of just sitting around. But what are we going to do? There's no use crying about it. A man might as well make the best of it and take everything he can get."

"We gotta fight hard for everything we get, though," Joe said a while later. "They're easing up a bit on us now. At first when the mines went under, it was rotten. All we had was pork and beans for about two months straight. We wouldn't dare to run our radios. They made us lock our cars in our garages. They had us hog-tied right, then."

Music came from the radio across the room.

"Now things are a little different," Joe continued. "We get cash relief, and we can buy decent food and go out once in a while. But it's been mighty hard on people like the Austs and Schillmans. They lost a lot. I didn't lose anything because I never had it to lose."

Joe stopped and laughed a little. Then he went on. "Gus Schillman used to holler his head off at me for not saving my money when times were good. Now he's worse off than I am. They don't take a man on relief until he's down to his last penny."

Dad was beginning to get restless.

"Come on! Come on!" he said. "Let's play cards and shut up!"

And the rest of the night we passed quietly, playing with Joe Reed's sticky cards.

IV

Because time drags miserably slow when there is nothing to do, the unemployed—rather, I should say, the men, because almost all of them are unemployed—have built what might be called their official pinochle shack. They spend solid days in their shack, often forgetting dinner or supper, playing pinochle. Their minds are temporarily diverted, then, from the rut of their forced idleness.

There in that rough log hut with its crude table, chairs, and improvised stove made from a cast-off tar barrel, the time passes faster than anywhere else. Across the table, Joe Reed and Otto Aust talk from behind their cards. Otto temporarily forgets his feeling of despair, and Joe doesn't care—as always—about anything. The rest of the older men of Ahmeek are there, too, standing in a thick circle around the four players, watching, and waiting for their turns to sit in a game. The rest of the men have to wait because there is only one table in the room. But they smoke their pipes and swap stories of the old days.

"Remember, Tim, when . . ."

Then soon night falls.

The youths are like Joe Reed. They are the ones who really keep the fires of cheerfulness burning in the homes of those who have become aged and worn because of the depression. They do not worry. They have their health, so let come what may. That is what some of them say. Still, there are a few who are more serious, who try to see through the fog into the future.

As I write this, I receive a letter from one of the more serious youths. It is an answer to a recent letter of my own in which I asked him if conditions were the same still. And it is part of the picture of Ahmeek as seen through his eyes.

November 6, 1934.

Dear Gib:

. . . Really, the younger fellows seem to have grown old suddenly. They haven't any plans anymore. The only things they talk about are guns, dogs, roadwork, and camping. They seldom talk of the future. They just seem to be passing their time away as a prisoner does in prison. I guess you understand. . . .

But life isn't so tough at that. I have a young dog which I'm training to chase rabbits, and I expect I'll be trapping every now and then this winter. You ought to be up here enjoying a good snowshoe rabbit hunt. . . . Kenny gave me a few pointers on grafting trees which I'll have to try this coming spring. . . .

The present isn't so tough compared to what the future will be for us young fellows. We're old already and haven't done anything in the line of a trade yet. We'll forget whatever we learned in schools. But I guess we'll take it as it comes. . . .

So long,

Willy.

But most of the youth crowd the floor of the Depression Dance Hall at night, shout, laugh, and tease the girls. During the day they hunt, fish, or trap in the deep woods which surround Ahmeek, their activity depending upon the season of the year. Nearly every one of them has a "camp"—a rustic cabin of his own making—somewhere within short or long hiking distance of the village.

Willy took me to the new camp he had built during my absence. His new one was of the better type the boys have there. They have two general kinds. All the cabins are made from logs, cemented together so as to make them weatherproof. The better type—or the ones which are built more painstakingly—being furnished almost unbelievably well with rugs, cots, blankets, tables, and curtains, unbelievable considering the existing poverty thereabouts. The other cabins are furnished crudely, having stoves like that of the older men's pinochle shack, cast-off tar barrels which get almost red hot when they are fired up, and turn ice-cold as soon as the fire becomes low. It, too, seems almost unbelievable that such rugged village boys should possess the delicacy of touch that makes their better cabins so homelike, but it is true. Some of the boys have two cabins or "camps." One for summer, and the other for winter. The summer camps are along Lake Superior; the winter ones are deeper in the woods.

Beside the camps offering an outlet for the youths' talents, they are an asset to their mental health. Going away into the woods on a hunt or a long fishing trip makes them forget the monotony and the dreariness of their depression-ridden homes and village.

But there are other reasons for the general lightness and carefree existences of the younger set. They have never felt the pain of seeing lost all that they had earned and saved. They are too young to have experienced that. And the youths are the ones who get to work on the government projects. The older men could as well work on the projects as their children, but, as Willy explained to me, it is not that the old miners are lazy, rather, it is that they are used to working underground and find it difficult to adjust themselves to surface work that makes them send their children. But the youths respond willingly.

The government has built a beautiful Mountain Drive that winds through the wooded hills of the upper peninsula, giving Willy and the rest of the boys work

and the feeling that they contributed to a worthy accomplishment. They worked whole-heartedly at the project. They liked it. And the project paid them fairly well. But they could not build Mountain Drives forever.

One by one, the younger men and girls, who can afford the transportation, are drifting away from Ahmeek to the large cities farther south, Milwaukee and Detroit, in search of greener pastures, and to escape from the sterility of the promiseless mining town. During the summer, many of the boys in their teens hop freight trains, ride the blind baggage, or thumb their way to some other part of the country. They look for work and manage to get handouts so that they do not starve. But if they cannot find work, they drift back home before the cold weather sets in.

And the older men who take life seriously? They sit and wait, hoping always that tomorrow will bring them the good news of work. They are shackled. They cannot move freely like nomads. They have their homes and families set and established in Ahmeek. And if they were free, where would they go? Mining, working underground, has been their only occupation for years; they know no other. How could they elbow their way into strange communities where thousands of skilled craftsmen lie in wait for a single job? And if their tomorrow should never come, and the mines should never open? They shrug their bent shoulders, but they think that better times will come to them, some time. GILBERT OBERWEISER.

Anthony Jerome Griffin

Although pacifist friends of Congressman Griffin learned of his illness last fall when a delegation called on him at the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn to consult about his famous bill, we were deeply shocked by his death this week. His bill to admit pacifists to citizenship again,—as the United States always did until the World War,—was reintroduced in his name as a matter of routine early in January. His death will cause technical changes in it, but the drive he started will go forward now under the leadership of Caroline O'Day of New York, influential member of the Naturalization Committee of the House, and there will be no change in the wording of the bill.

It will interest us to study that typical American who spontaneously introduced such a bill three days after the announcement of the Supreme Court's decision in 1929, refusing citizenship to the pacifist—Rosika Schwimmer. The minority opinion in that case defended freedom of conscience and was of vital importance. Was there a lover of peace or tolerance who failed to note those eloquent words of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes? Parenthetically, the voice of Holmes is sadly missed in the recent Supreme Court decision against the two conscientious objectors to military training in California. Pacifists were stirred in 1929 but it was the non-pacifist Anthony Griffin who went into immediate action, stung by the injustice of the ruling and the absurdity of the questions asked of Madam Schwimmer by the Department of Labor and its henchmen. Individual pacifists came to his support at once and then numerous organizations followed suit until now the Griffin Bill has the support of great national groups, both church and lay, its fame spreading through organized opposition from the American Legion, the D. A. R. and "Professional patriots" in general.

The direct impact of militarist opposition to his reasonable bill was almost unendurable to Mr. Griffin, so truly patriotic himself in the strict military sense of patriotism. During the Spanish American war as a young man he organized a company of volunteers and saw service in the Philippines. He never wanted to refuse military service himself, but he respected others who did, and who were willing to suffer for their faith. He was loyally determined to preserve the honorable American tradition of tolerance and again admit to citizenship the religious and political refugees from military dictatorships abroad. In 1932 the second hearing on his bill before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization was accompanied by more confusion and verbal violence than usual even in that anti-alien committee. The excitement and humiliation caused a heart attack which sent him to the hospital for months, a sacrifice to his faith.

Mr. Griffin was on the right side of all the important questions. Early in his Congressional career when the House was voting to unseat Victor Berger, Griffin voted "no" along with five other brave men. But, as he laughingly told Mrs. Berger last year, "I was the bravest, because 'G' came first and I had to vote without the comfort of knowing there'd be a single man with me." He had distinct theories on finance in general and on the bonus in particular. He was known as a hard worker and a reliable member of all his committees.

Mr. Griffin's last accomplishment was an investigation into those permanent appropriations accumulated by Congress over the years with the strange property of eternal life—unless Congress votes to stop them. As Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Permanent Appropriations he discovered over three hundred of them, and as a result of his report more than two hundred were abolished, one of them dating from 1798! Their beneficiaries received them thankfully and silently and budget committees searched for them in vain until Mr. Griffin began his thorough work which continued into the very hot summer of last year and utterly exhausted him before it was concluded.

His Naturalization bill was by no means the only good bill Mr. Griffin originated. A useful idea of his was embodied in a bill for the establishment by Congress of a civil honor to be our government's reward to its distinguished peace-time servants—something essentially non-military but just as honorable. This Bill was strongly supported by scientists and heads of government bureaus, but it failed of passage and we still have only the military Congressional medal to bestow on heroes of war. Congress ignores discoverers or inventors of new instruments of science, new germs, new cures for disease, and all the remarkable peace-time victories of our devoted and sometimes heroic government employees.

Mr. Griffin's modesty prevented self-advertisement, but his reputation was well known in inner circles. For instance, during his last campaign when the Fusion Ticket wanted a Congressman from the Bronx, Mayor LaGuardia said that Griffin was too valuable a man to lose and refused to support any candidate against him.

In spite of a classical education—and Mr. Griffin could quote Latin and write poetry—his friendships were all-inclusive because he enjoyed every type of human being and saw the humor in every situation. How often humor lights the minds of the most serious!

Mr. Griffin's high-minded attitude was so plain that I always considered him religious, but never asked his church affiliations until the funeral. He was a Catholic, and, as I sat awaiting the Catholic services in the Washington chapel where so many of his colleagues were gathered to honor him, my mind went back over the long line of courageous Catholic resistance to efforts of the State to dominate the Church. A contemporary example occurs in Germany. In the same tradition of struggle stands the Griffin Bill. But if the State succeeds in making us all part of its military machine, where, inside or outside of the churches, is any freedom of conscience?

Washington Correspondent.

January 21, 1935.

Bill Simpson Is Back Again*

A prophet to the present student generation returns to his speaking after two and a half years of solitude

"A man named Simpson is going to speak tomorrow." I would have paid no attention to the announcement but for the faint overtone of amused contempt in the speaker's voice, which rang a bell somewhere in my brain. Several years ago others had used that tone in speaking of someone called Simpson—Bill Simpson. Bill, the quiet blonde young man with keen blue eyes whose teaching and practice of selfless love have caught the attention of college students particularly during this last decade.

On the strength of my hunch I attended the meeting and there was Bill, with the same friendly smile and handclasp. He had been self-exiled for two and a half years on a little farm, he said. Dressed in a brown coat, corduroy hiking trousers, sport hose—and white shirt and tie!—he looked very respectable. It was a far cry from his barefoot days and homespun blue shirt. But as one who had followed the evolution of his thought for some eight years, I was more anxious to catch up with his philosophy than to note the changes in his clothing, indicative though they might be.

Bill was asked to give his own introduction to the students.

"For three years I was a minister; I lost my job during the war because I did not believe that love could stick bayonets into Germans. I knocked around the country as a laborer for some time. Finally, under the influence of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, I parted with all my possessions. Francis, it seemed to me, was the only man whose life had been in thorough accord with the teachings of Jesus. For the past two or three years I have been living on a farm." Bill stopped and flung out his arm impatiently. "But I can't go on with this recital."

He looked at his audience of young men and spoke more slowly and emphatically.

"I am trying to find young people who want to live before they die, young people who want quality of life, not mere existence. I care about life—life that is strong, truly fearless and free." This sounds like the same Bill.

"Today men are afraid to be different—to be so is the unforgivable sin. What I am looking for is the man with long legs able to step from mountain peak to mountain peak. Life is being ground down. Men are asked to stoop to the level of the crippled." A strange note here for the man who practiced and preached identification with all others.

"I am looking for the man who will plumb down to what he wants most deeply, down to that most unappeasable yearning for which he is willing to let everything else go. For this man, though he gets all else and not this one thing, everything that does come to him turns to dust in his hands and ashes in his mouth. But once this yearning is set free, all his life revolves around it as around a sun. He is fearless in avowing this, and though everything else is taken away from him, he goes his way softly singing in his heart." Well, Bill is still the troubadour. He continued with what sounded like a page out of his "Community of Love" of some ten years ago.

"How does a man get that way? Everyone has a kernel of this longing in him, something like an unfertilized cell. The unique thing that each one of us is, is waiting to be impregnated, to be stabbed awake. It is like the nucleus in an acorn, which contains the whole of the oak tree—the feel of the bark, the shape of the limbs against the sky. The acorn has a sense of the way it should go. But is it not a pity that we should be twenty, twenty-five years of age and have no sense of design, of the way we must go? Yet all the while this kernel waits within us." Bill's words have become increasingly those of a poet.

"The sight of the ideal is like lightning flashes from the far horizon; once we have seen it, we can't forget it. Thereafter we are just secretly waiting, hoping that that star may peep out from behind the clouds again, that seeing it, we may know it for the same star, and know it as our star, and fix our eyes upon it forever. Or again, it is like a maiden of rare beauty standing at the edge of the crowd who casts quick shy glances in our direction to see if there is any hope of our love. If once we really behold her, if once we look deep into her eyes, deep into what most deeply we are, then thereafter are we utterly damned, utterly lost to all ordinary ways of feeling, and thinking, and doing.

"How does it come? Much might be said, but there is one thing which is important above all else: he who wants it, finds it. Every man who seeks with desperateness cannot fail to find his way. He develops in himself a sense for life which is like unto a camel's sense for water. He smells it from afar, and once he has got the sniff of it in his nostrils, nothing can stop him.

"But this also must be said: he who does what he sees shall see more; he who fails to do what he sees goes blind. Nothing in the universe is more inexorable than this. If he sees, and does what he sees, every day the way he must go shall become more clear to him.

*Mr. Simpson has just published a book which offers an excellent opportunity to our readers to gain further acquaintance with his life and thought. This book, entitled "Toward the Rising Sun," is published by the Vanguard Press. It contains a biographical sketch by Dr. Jerome Davis, of Yale, and at the end a rather lengthy classified reading list. This book will be reviewed in a later issue of UNITY.

But he who does not give himself to his ideal becomes calloused. It is not only that his eye may grow dull—his whole optic nerve dies. It is like a plant standing in the window and yet so calloused that it cannot tell the difference between light and dark.

"This is a dangerous business, following one's inner vision. It soon leads a man off the beaten track—and one inch off the track and the pack is at his heels. It is not only that he suffers himself, there are the people he loves whom he must hurt. Only one man in a hundred won't knuckle under at having to cause suffering." Bill stops. I remember how we used to argue in college days that a doctrine like this can't be right.

"For him who means business, who puts his life ahead of his living, it is going to cost everything a man has. There can be no whine of sacrifice—sacrifice is only making room for the real things. No man shall know this life except as he feeds into the flame of his highest vision everything that he has. We are like a candle which can have light and give light only as it feeds into the flame its very self. The light burns on but the candle gets smaller and smaller. Like Jonah we flee to the very ends of the earth in the hope to escape laying in the flame our job, or our friends, or it may be our home. Only to realize that go where we may, we only carry with us every minute the secret sense that our light is burning lower and lower. Until at last, desperate lest our light go out altogether, and in an utter agony of dedication, we gather in our hands the deed we shrink from and lay it in the flame. And so it goes on year after year, until in the end, if our flame is to be kept burning, we shall have had to feed into it everything that we have. And it often seems that it cannot reach its most ineffable beauty or attain to its most strangely piercing power until it has fed on our very blood.

"I want life, I want to find young men and women who want life; we need one another. I'm tired of seeing oaks growing in flower pots, of life trying to fit into a cubbyhole. I love 'him whom a dream hath possessed.' Him who is a drunkard at heart but whose drunkenness leaves no bad taste in the morning. Him who is a gambler willing to stake everything for the pearl without price. Him who is not willing to wait for any heaven to dawn or for some revolution to come round the corner. Him who refuses to talk about advancing the Kingdom of God but who will take the whole living glory of it and give flesh and blood to it here and now. I am looking for those who are fools, those who are children, those who dare, those who dance because their joy cannot be contained. I am looking for those who are not afraid and who are willing to give for this light everything that they have, everything!"

In silence, Bill looked up and down the rows of listeners, smiling. Then the bell rang and the students clattered out. A few remained to question him, to hear him further. Outdoors, as they hastened to class, a great many acted a bit dazed—"You can't go around carrying a torch all the time. . . Strange sort of farmer *he* is. . . . Wasn't it weird the way he stood and just looked around at the end?" Some students said nothing.

I was reminded of my own first impressions of Bill. One of our "gang"—a rough name for a college group of earnest young would-be mystics!—had spent a summer in New York and met Bill. Jack was never quite the same again! He questioned his own way of living in the light of Bill's simple standard; having fallen in love, he questioned whether he should keep on going with the girl—could a man serve his fellow men to the fullest if he was entangled with a home and family? We spent many a midnight hour arguing this way and that over the "Community of Love," while my mother sat at home sternly disapproving of such crazy doctrine as Bill's. Two years afterward in New York I had gone to hear Bill speak and later, with some friends, visited him in his little shack in the Polish workers' section of Passaic. His capacity for change in his theories had always been especially interesting. For a time he believed so strongly that one should separate himself from the present economic system that he refused to have anything at all to do with buying and selling. His needs either had to be met by gifts or not met at all. Again, he had believed for years that he should not raise a family, but in 1929 his son John Ariel was born, a child much philosophized over by all Bill's friends.

So when I had a chance to talk with Bill after the meeting, the questions came thick and fast.

"Why did you go to the farm, Bill—let's see, how long ago?"

"I've been there since two years ago in April. I had to be alone. . . Even before I went there I had begun to turn the most murderous fire upon all my beliefs with the conviction that anything that could be demolished I would be well rid of. I dipped myself like a penny into acid and let the acid work upon me." He grinned. "I fairly passed into solution. For years I did not know whether anything would ever crystallize out. It was only last fall that I began to see clearly the way I should go and to feel the strength to follow it.

"The farm itself is some hundred and fifty miles from New York City, the mountains around it rise to 3,500 feet. There is no other farmhouse in sight—which makes it convenient to take snow baths—without risk of being caught in the act!" In the heat of a summer-like day I shivered. He went on heartlessly. "One morning the thermometer stood at twenty-three below when I dashed out."

"I suppose the house belonged to some friend?"

Bill chuckled. "*I* own the farm. That's private property, if you please. Yes, that's a change for me. The house has four rooms downstairs, two upstairs. But I told the man from whom I got it that I was going to keep my knapsack always ready and if the care of the farm threatened to interfere with my obeying the inner light, I'd pick up the knapsack and walk out."

"Do you own a means of transportation?" Any degree of worldly possessions seemed possible after the breath-taking news of Bill's owning a six-room house.

"Yes"—he grinned again—"a 1923 Ford which cost twenty dollars. It's broken at present—I froze it up."

"How do you spend the time at the farm apart from the work on the place, gardening and accumulating wealth as a carpenter?"

"Oh, I get up about daybreak. Perhaps I spend some time in meditation, though I'm not so strict about this as I used to be. I may have a light breakfast then of fruit, though I generally have two meals a day, one at ten-thirty or so, the other at four or five. After breakfast I spend the rest of the morning in study. I generally do outside work in the afternoon and read in the evening. . . But it is not unlikely that hereafter my

speaking will keep me away from the farm most of the time."

"What are you reading now, Bill?"

"Well, I have a seven-page single-spaced list here that I'll show you. I've been especially interested in Nietzsche. I think he should be faced by every thinking person over twenty-five years of age. All his work deserves careful study, preferably in the order in which it was written. I've read him all through twice—seventeen volumes."

I gasped, as was fitting. Before, Bill had been more taken up with meditation than with study.

"In addition to the reading list, I've gone through books on Ireland—history, descriptions, poetry. I'm of Scotch-Irish descent, you know," he threw in.

"And your philosophy has changed?"

"Yes, I think it has. I would now agree with Nietzsche that all life is will to power."

"Even your own?" I inquired impishly.

"Yes, I think I would admit that. But there is will to power on several planes. I have no wish for any more power than naturally accrues to me by virtue of whatever quality, whatever strength of truth and beauty there may be in my life."

I queried him about ambition.

"One must be careful about ambition. It is a will to power on a lower plane.

"I don't worship St. Francis as much I used to. I never approved of his obedience to the Pope, his establishment of a separate order for women, his asceticism of the body. This is the only life I know anything about and the body should be as strong and hardy and beautiful as we can make it. For instance, everyone should read a couple of good books on diet. I have several I like on my list, you will notice."

"Are you at all interested in the class struggle today and its outcome?"

"No, less than before, I think. I don't believe in equality or democracy—reducing everything to the level of the masses. I would weed children out early, select only the best to rule, train them by the best methods. Let the rest go through the mill. Power should not be in the hands of the masses."

("Rejoice, shades of Nietzsche!" thought I. "Bill is joining the revolt against democracy. A little more and a Communist would call him a dyed-in-the-wool Fascist.'")

"I've changed, also," continued Bill, "in that I'm no longer setting up any external way of life. I'm appealing to individuals, but I want no followers. Comrades I welcome, young people who give up all for their ideals instead of trying to squeeze their ideals into the life about them. But they must be able to stand on their own feet. Yes, even though I myself should be torn with doubt and throw the whole thing over."

"Don't you think it possible, Bill, to express one's inner light through the normal modes of existence?"

"It should be done in so far as one can and remain true to his vision. But usually the individual will soon find that the unfolding life within him doesn't have room enough; it would be like trying to force the roots of an oak to grow in a flower pot."

I reminded Bill, however, that he himself looked outwardly much more respectable than formerly. He laughed over the days when he wore burlap sacks on his feet instead of shoes, and said that one had to be pretty indifferent to what people thought to appear that ridiculous.

"I see now that there were psychological reasons for my behavior in the past. My message, too, is today less spectacular, less challenging at presentation, but I believe it goes deeper.

"I see now that I was out of place in the workers' community in Passaic. I have come to think that there is no virtue in going and lying beside the man in the gutter just because he is compelled to lie there. I don't believe that pearls should be cast before swine. I am looking for a spiritual aristocracy. I think there's a new hardness in me—a new hardiness if you will. I have no use for weakness, or softness, or sentiment. It is a spirit with an edge.

"Also I am using my mind more. I like an intellect that is a clean-cutting instrument. I value intellectual as well as spiritual hardness and edge." He chuckled, "For is it not written that thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy strength and with all thy *mind?*"

"In view of all your changes, Bill, there's no telling what you will be in twenty years."

"A banker?" suggested he.

FRANCES C. JEFFERS.

The Word

O soul of man insatiate, translate my word—
Know me.

I am the circling spheres,
I am the wastrel's tears.
I raise a temple dome
above the meanest home.
I am the rainbow arch,
I stride in the weary march
Of countless, shackled feet.
I am the tom-tom's beat,
Scourge and solace and savage desire,
Breeder of passion and quencher of fire.
Know me.

Black slave, bleeding in chains,
Bred in life's travail pains,
Held in scorn, untouchable, forlorn—
Miner, striker, outcast Jew—
I am you—I am you.
Know me.

I am the vibrant swing
Of polarized nuptials.
I bring flight to bird's wings—
It is I who sings, who sings—
Alpha and Omega—King of Kings,
Builder, Destroyer, the Ever and Ever.
Know me.

FLORA WHITE.

Mill Worker

This is not man but a toil-eaten mesh
Of sinew, and gall trickling through a brain;
Under the piston's concentrated reign
There is no fire for him except the flesh.
Clutched by the hand of Steel, his vision torn
From the mute heights where ecstasy arises,
He plods his sparkless task without surmises,
The blackened chrysalis of a soul unborn.

Above him sit the monsters of the mart
Who trapped his powers within a wall of sense,
Denied to him a spirit's eminence,
And blotted out the pastures of the heart . . .
From his hurt seed I pray that flowers will start
And draw their sun from Thee, Omnipotence!

DOUGLAS V. KANE

The Munitions Merchants Go on Trial

The American people, through the press of all shades of political opinion, are being stirred this winter by an extraordinary series of official revelations of the *modus operandi* of as fine a set of international privateers, confederates in far-reaching efforts to make money by alarming, intimidating, "shaking down" and bedeviling governments, kingdoms, parliaments and peoples, as the history of modern Europe, including the Renaissance affords. We refer to the investigation by a special committee of seven of the United States Senate of the influence of commercial motives upon public policy in the sale to the Government of arms, ammunition, armor-plate, and munitions of war.

Resumed, after an intermission, on December 4th, in the beautiful hearing room of the Finance Committee in the stately Senate Office Building at Washington, with the representatives of the press in alert attendance and punctuated by the silent flashes of news photographers, the hearings have occupied the first pages of the newspapers from New York to San Francisco, and have done more to bring American opinion into immediate touch with the realities of world-politics, and into realization of the dangerous mischief that is afoot throughout the entire world in the ordinary course of big business than anything that has happened in the United States since the World War. This fact alone, and the high educative value of the testimony that has been given of some of America's most powerful industrialists in stripping the mask from the war system and the business system, fully justify, in the eyes of thoughtful persons, the investigation which has already cost the state $50,000. If the investigation is to be prosecuted thoroughly—as now seems highly probable, because of its success, and the aroused interest of the public—throughout the legislative year immediately ahead, it will cost the state two or three times that sum. The new Congress, which convened the first week of January (under the recent, so-called "lame-duck" Constitutional amendment, advancing the date of convention from November to January), will be asked to vote this authorization, and there seems little reason to doubt, at present writing, that it will do so with gusto, especially so if there is reason to anticipate the inauguration of equally vigorous investigations in the other principal munitions-manufacturing countries, of which Great Britain, France, Czecho-Slovakia and Italy are the most important with Scandinavia and Germany playing minor rôles.

It may be observed, moreover, that the first week of the present session has brought to Washington all the high officials of the notorious E. E. duPont de Nemours Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, who have come—the brothers Pierre, Felix, Lamott and the evasive Irenee—with a staff of fifty attorneys, assistants, and secretaries, and have established themselves at the capital's most luxurious hotel. It has brought, likewise, to Washington the heads of the other three principal American manufacturers of cartridges, revolvers, pistols, shot and "bird rifles"—(far is it from them to admit on the stand that they are interested in the manufacture, or sale, of any military supplies!)—from the Remington, Colts, and Winchester Companies, national and international competitors in making the world unsafe for birds, beasts and men, especially in "backward countries" of Latin-America and the Orient. The former, at least, the Remingtons, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, are now a subsidiary of the super-corporation of DuPont, which, like a gigantic octopus, has reached out with the power of its accumulated war profits, of perhaps, $200,000,000, to acquire control of a score or more of industries, ranging from gun cotton, varnish and nitro-glycerine plants to a large interest in the great General Motors Corporation, of Detroit, Michigan, makers of half a dozen kinds of popular American motor cars. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, in this connection, that a book published in London, last year, by one John Steele, a newspaper correspondent, affirmed positively that the General Motors Corporation, which owns the Opel company, manufacturers of low-priced motor cars in Germany, had contributed a large sum of money to finance Hitler's campaign for the chancellorship of the Reich. Thus does the circle of evidence widen and widen, linking the world of industry, finance and politics in the Old World with the New, and weaving the tapestry of modern industrial capitalism, nationalism, armament-rivalry and war. It is because the American public feels that the seven senators of the special senatorial committee are on the trail of the most sinister sort of political buccaneering, involving the mysterious origins of governments, and the genesis of wars, in the modern world, that they are following this remarkable inquiry with so much energy and interest.

Speaking of the DuPonts, powder makers *de luxe* to the armies of the United States, from the days of George Washington and Valley Forge to the World War and the industrial age of armored imperialisms, some interesting facts have been developed by the senatorial investigation. The famous firm, it appears from the evidence recently introduced, divided a "melon" of something like $15,000,000, as bonuses, among the four brothers and dozen highest officials of the company. In addition, they divided approximately $141,000,000 in cash, among the stockholders of the reorganized company, during the war period, paying the shareholders about 200 per cent, in four years. They have admitted *an average profit* on their smokeless powders and war munitions business of 58 million dollars per annum, from 1915 to 1919; and, after distributing bonuses and dividends, an accumulated surplus of 60 million dollars, at the end of the War.

While it is true that they paid a seemingly high excess profits corporation tax to the United States Government (about 79%) during these years and claim that they paid more in taxes than they received in orders from the American Government, Mr. John T. Flynn, the eminent student and writer on business affairs, has recently pointed out, in the *New Republic*, that the accumulated profits, at the war's end, were really over $70,000,000, for the DuPont firm, in addition to all their cash bonuses and dividends; and that the taxation mentioned was levied upon the DuPont sales and profits made from the purchases of the Allied, as well as the American Government.

It was, furthermore, brought out in the senatorial hearings, that the DuPonts received a price of $1.00 per lb. for their famous "smokeless powder" from the British and French Governments, while charging the American Government, and other domestic customers, only a little more than one-half that amount for the same product; and that the enormous expansion of their manufactories during these years, was made at

the behest of the Allied Governments and financed by cash advances from them, ranging from $6,000,000 to as much as $100,000,000 *per month* in January of 1918, and averaging from March of 1915 on, more than $19,000,000 per month for the duration of the war. Mr. Pierre DuPont, the elder and most plausible of the brothers, testified at a public hearing before the Committee, on the morning of December 13th last, that the total DuPont sales to all governments during the War reached the sum of about $1,245,000,000, and that his firm had constructed $80,000,000 of powder manufacturing plants to meet the requirements of these governments—chiefly the British and French. His chief lieutenant observed that these Governments were so eager to obtain the DuPont products that they would have been willing to pay $2.00 per lb. for powder, on the statement of one of their principal purchasing agents. The depression in the business and the sudden collapse of the industry at the Armistice, inducing the unemployment of tens of thousands of men, was sad to behold!—the inference of all this being that, if we we are not to have any more wars to maintain DuPont prosperity, we must certainly have large Governmental subventions and what are called "educational orders" from the War Department, unless this industry, which is so vital to the national defense, from the days of Valley Forge to Vimy Ridge, is to languish and die. Here, truly, is a conundrum for pacifists!

The responsible—or irresponsible—heads of the greatest American munitions manufacturing companies are in Washington to testify before the bar of public opinion, and of seven senators, and to explain, if they can, with as much urbanity and plausibility as they can summon, the meaning of the documents found in their files by the industrious agents of the Senate who have been studying the requisitioned material for the past six months. It is current gossip in Washington that in preparing and conducting their defense, the several munitions companies have already spent much more money than has the Senate, in bringing together the voluminous evidence for this "trial" of the people of the United States *versus* a part of the contemporary, competitive business system, as an indicted factor in the war-system of the modern world. Certainly the powers of the Senate in investigating and exposing facts to the gaze of an anxious world were never used to greater effect than in the present inquiry. It has well deserved the title, which an ex-Congressman recently gave it, of being the Grand Jury of the American nation.

The interest of the public is not shown merely by the scores of curious persons,—mostly women, munitions officials and journalists,—who throng the hearings in the Senate Office Building. The President himself has emphatically and explicitly endorsed the inquiry, in language that deserves to be recalled. In a special message to the Senate recommending the proposed investigation of "the problems incident to the private manufacture of arms and munitions of war, and the international traffic therein," sent on May 10th, of this year, President Roosevelt wrote, it may be recalled:

> I have been gratified to learn that, pursuant to a resolution of the Senate, a committee has been appointed to investigate (these problems). I earnestly recommend that this committee receive the generous support of the Senate in order that it may be enabled to pursue the investigation with which it is charged with a degree of thoroughness commensurate with the high importance of the questions at issue. The executive departments of the Government will be charged to cooperate with the committee to the fullest extent, in furnishing it with any information in their possession which it may desire to receive, and their views upon the adequacy or inadequacy of existing legislation and of the treaties to which the United States is a party for the regulation and control of the manufacture of and traffic in arms.

The President added to this the following observations:

> The private and uncontrolled manufacture of arms and munitions, and the traffic therein, has become a serious source of international discord and strife. *It is not possible, however, effectively to control such an evil by the isolated action of any one country.* The enlightened opinion of the world has long realized that this is a field in which international action is necessary. The negotiation of the Convention for the Supervision of the International Trade in Arms and Ammunition and in Implements of War, (signed at Geneva, June 17, 1925), was an important step in the right direction. The ratification of that Convention by this Government, which has been too long delayed (is) a concrete indication of the willingness of the American people to make their contribution toward the suppression of abuses which may have disastrous results for the entire world, if they are permitted to continue unchecked.

Then followed his statement which has recently been given wide circulation in a motion picture entitled "Dealers in Death," featuring the international ramifications of the chief munitions-malefactors of Europe, and including portraits of Sir Basil Zaharoff, Baron de Wendel, the Nobel Brothers of Sweden, Vickers, of England, and others of the confederacy. The President's statement read:

> It is my earnest hope that the representatives of the nations . . . will be able to agree upon a convention containing provisions for the supervision and control of the traffic in arms much more far-reaching than those which were embodied in the Convention of 1925. Some suitable international organization must, and will, take such action. The peoples of many countries are being taxed to the point of poverty and starvation in order to enable governments to engage in a mad race in armament which . . . may well result in war. This grave menace to the peace of the world is due in no small measure to the uncontrolled activities of the manufacturers and merchants of engines of destruction, and it must be met by the concerted action of the peoples of all nations.
>
> (Signed) Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The present hearings before the Special Committee of the Senate have been designed to give public corroboration and documentation to these statements of the President, which represent the conviction of the thoughtful people of the United States. They are giving it daily to those who read the liberal press. It is the hope of every member of the Senate special committee that by the time the investigation has run its full course (the Committee's investigators have not as yet even approached the big ship-building companies, and the manufacturers of armor-plate, such as the Bethlehem Steel Company), the demonstration and the documentation will be so complete, and the admitted collusion of the munitions-makers with each other, with the War and Navy Departments, and with political propaganda, so unanswerable, and unanswered, that there will result not merely a revision of the munitions selling policy of the United States, as a profitable "neutral" in a world of war, not merely a strict Federal control of the manufacture and supervision of the sale and traffic in the implements of destruction, but also, an effective international supervision, if not indeed a solemn agreement among all nations with pretensions to Christianity or civilization to renounce the manufacture, and suppress the sale of these Devil's tools and standing invitations to battle, murder and sudden death.

Brent Dow Allinson.

Washington.

The Study Table

White Supremacy and Colored Race Revolution

In the work "The Hour of Decision",* Dr. Oswald Spengler, the noted German historian, author of "The Decline of the West", suggests that the hour of decision has come for the so-called superior white people to take the necessary steps for maintaining their world and race supremacy. This may be the mission of Germany, or of some other Nordic people. He feels that, unless this is carried out, possibly Japan or Russia may muster the colored populations of the world (including those of India and China) to establish world hegemony. Therefore Dr. Spengler's work is nothing more than a scientific sanction of the theory of the "Yellow Peril" presented years ago by ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. It is to be expected that there must be some originality in conclusions derived by the great German historian.

Dr. Spengler is very emphatic in his assertion that people like the Chinese and Indians have no future. He writes:

> Immemorially old *Fellaheen* peoples such as the Indians and Chinese can never again play an independent part in the world of great Powers. They can change masters, drive one out—as, for example, the English from India—but it is only to succumb to another. They will never again produce a form of political existence of their own. They are too old, too rigid and too used up. Even the form of their present rebelliousness together with its aims—liberty, equality, parliament, republic, communism and the like—is without exception imported from Western Europe and Moscow. They constitute objects and war resources for foreign powers, their countries and battlefields for decisive battles of foreigners, though precisely for that reason they may achieve immense, if transitory importance. Russia and Japan undoubtedly have their eyes fixed on the potential uses of these peoples and are working in secret by methods which "Whites" neither know nor see. . . . (page 65.)

This sweeping remark about the future of the peoples of India and China may not be correct, because these peoples have survived, in spite of many unfavorable circumstances, and undoubtedly are showing signs of their ability to assimilate some of the best contributions of the western civilization. If Dr. Spengler's assertion be true, then the theory of "the awakening of the East" has no special meaning.

Regarding the march of colored racial revolution, the German historian has the following to say:

> Here too the white revolution has since 1770 been preparing the soil for the colored one. The literature of English Liberals, like Mill and Spencer, whose trains of thought reach back into the eighteenth century, supplied the *world outlook* to the higher schools in India. And thence the way to Marx was easy for young reformers themselves to find. Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the Chinese Revolution, found it in America. And out of it all there arose a revolutionary literature the radicalism of which puts that of Marx and Borodin far into the shade. (p. 215.)

There is no doubt that the peoples of the East, specially those of India and China, owe much to western ideals of nationalism; and behind the movements for national assertion, there is the spirit of accepting the best of the West. This is the most hopeful thing regarding the possibility of better understanding between East and West. In the re-assertion of the awakened East, we do not see any inevitability of a clash between the so-called white and colored peoples.. However, Spengler sees the serious menace of colored race revolution, and asks:

> The great historical question is whether the fall of the white powers will be brought about or not. And this point of overwhelming unity of resolve that has formed itself may well give us something to think about. What resources of spiritual and material power can the white world really muster against this menace? (p. 218.)

He answers the question by saying that the white peoples will have to forget their differences, and even class distinctions, and face the struggle in a war-like manner. He characterizes this spirit as the "Prussian Spirit", which may be found not only in Germany, but in all lands among special types of individuals who are coming to consciousness. (p. 230.) The author concludes the book with a prophetic gesture to the effect that possibly during this century there will be an ultimate decision regarding the great problem of a "colored race revolution" against the whites. He asserts:

> In the presence of these, the little aims and notions of our current politics sink to nothing. He whose sword compels victory here will lord the world. The dice are there ready for this stupendous game. Who dares to throw them? (p. 230.)

To Spengler, life is war, and the rise and fall of nations are inevitable things. His conception of the "decline of the West" and "the colored race revolution" forces him to the conclusion of an inevitable struggle. Future history cannot be foretold with mechanical accuracy, and there is an element of idealism in the history of evolution of man. Therefore, one is tempted to disagree with the thesis of Dr. Spengler that struggle for supremacy on a "racial basis" is inevitable. We agree with him that "the supreme hour for decision" has come; and the decision should be for co-operation between the powerful "white peoples" and the awakening peoples of the East, of so-called "colored races."

TARAKNATH DAS.†

*"The Hour of Decision," by Oswald Spengler. Published by Alfred Knopf, New York.

A Study of Unemployment Insurance

All over the country workers' unemployment councils are enthusiastically backing unemployment insurance measures. This may simply mean that unemployment insurance is misunderstood, or that relief would smell sweeter to the idle workers under any other name than that of relief or under some other method than the present ones.

With a mass of conflicting social insurance legislation being presented to congress in its present session, the work of a Professor of Economics in the University of Minnesota, who is also the Director of the Minnesota State Unemployment Service, will bring joy to the heart of many a bewildered New Dealer, and set right those who look to unemployment insurance for a panacea for present ills.

In an apparently objective valuation of the experience of private and state insurance legislation and studies, both in Europe and America, the authors have made recommendations concerning what they believe will work effectively. That their proposal is to be launched within the framework of the existing system is implied, but this is not a piece of propaganda. On the basis of the total available experience the major determinants of an actuarily sound contributory system are critically enumerated. We venture to state that this book[1]

†Of the Department of Politics, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

1. "A Program for Unemployment Insurance and Relief," by Hansen, Murray, Stevenson and Stewart. Published by the University of Minnesota Press. 1934. 201 pp.

will furnish the yardstick by which the various proposals will be measured at Washington and that it is second only in importance to the work done by the Governor's Commission on unemployment under the leadership of William M. Leiserson in Ohio in 1931, 1932.

The first thing that the authors do is to distinguish clearly between unemployment insurance, with *regular benefits* accruing to eligible unemployed workers under a plan in which preferably both employers and employees make contributions, on the one hand; and on the other *unemployment relief* in which the insurance funds are supplemented, in protracted unemployment, by loans or grants from the government in order to continue assistance with *emergency benefits* after the equity of the worker's reserves has been exhausted. In every country in which unemployment insurance has been in force this has proved necessary. Regular unemployment insurance is inadequate either for the prevention or cure of major depressions. "No system of unemployment insurance can care for all the unemployed throughout a prolonged depression."

Provisions for the regular insurance legislation recommended by the authors include the following:

Contributions from both employers and employees, with employee contributions not over 1% of wages, and variable contributions for employers, according to rate of unemployment, of from 1% to 3.5%. Contributions to be pooled on an industry wide basis.

Provisions to protect the scheme by elimination of the unemployable from eligibility for benefits.

Special provision for seasonal unemployment.

The worker to be required to show himself willing to work through accepting suitable employment when offered, or be disqualified.

Benefits to be paid during unemployment should not exceed 50% of regular wages.

A waiting period of not over four weeks would ensue lay-offs before benefits commence.

The period during which regular benefits from funds which the worker has contributed under a contractural arrangement to be limited to a maximum of fifty-two consecutive weeks.

Special allowances to be provided on the basis of dependents.

It will be seen that since the total period of eligibility for regular benefits cannot be extended beyond fifty-two weeks on an actuarially sound basis, unemployment relief is inevitable in a prolonged depression such as the present. But the authors recommend that those whose regular benefits have become exhausted be handled in a relief plan separated from ordinary poor relief and integrated with the unemployment insurance scheme. It is not right, they state, to handle the regularly employable and willing to work, with bums and won't works. Thrift should not be discouraged, as it is in the present requirements of relief agencies that all resources such as savings, insurance reserves and ownership of property be exhausted before relief is paid. In this they hit at one of the major injustices of the depression by which people are systematically being stripped of all the proceeds of past thrift and reduced to the level of others who have made no effort to avoid dependency.

In order to test the willingness to work of those receiving regular benefits it is recommended that the public unemployment offices also be integrated with the unemployment insurance and unemployment relief schemes. But state unemployment services have been notoriously inefficient. Federal aid can be used as a means of promoting uniformity and of increasing efficiency of administration of all aspects of the plan, according to the authors. That federal activity in unemployment insurance be considered further in relation to other types of social insurance, "in short as part of a unified program for social insurance," is further suggested. "The inauguration of various schemes of health insurance, accident insurance and old age pensions each with its own administrative service," they declare, "involves much needless labor and expense as well as problems of overlapping and duplication." In Great Britain "some degree of coordination between unemployment insurance and old age pensions has been attained."

One point at which old age pensions and unemployment insurance would need coordination for equitable and efficient administration would be that of retirement for old age in cases in which an employee has contributed regularly toward the pooled benefits. It would seem to be equitable, though not suggested by the authors, that these benefits should be paid to the insured under a retirement benefit provision and that public provision for old age pensions supplement or succeed these retirement benefits when necessary. Another suggestion that has been made is that the unemployable be turned over to the medical profession for work therapy. Here again, employment would need coordination with other agencies. It is accordingly only as part of a much wider system of social insurance including and integrating various provisions of this sort that unemployment insurance has significance for the present depression. With more than three and a third billions already appropriated, the possibility of indefinitely continuing relief on the scale of the past three years is open to question. In the effort to cope with social insecurity, it seems to the writer that the state will inevitably have to face the fact that insecurity is an inherent concomitant of the present price-profit system and will hence eventually be forced to subsidize the co-operative effort of the workers in mine, factory and farm in order to enable them to produce the necessities of life by their own efforts. This may prove necessary as the alternative to continued relief or public works for which it is impossible to pay. Possibly, the various social insurance provisions could successfully function were the amount of unemployment to be vastly reduced by a spread of collectives and co-operatives.

One of the tests of the radical will be as to whether social insurance of any sort is being used to enforce and stabilize poverty and prevent a change in the direction of a Co-operative Commonwealth or whether it is being used to maintain wages and establish sound instruments for fair and decent care of everyone by arrangements that would function in any system, including socialism. The radical will want to be sure that social insurance does not become a club for the intimidation of workers who for fear of being disqualified for benefits might withdraw from their unions. They will want a provision assuring them that "suitable work" will not include work in labor disputes and

that the unemployed will not be forced to scab. And they will point to the cost of administration of these social insurance schemes under the present system as a proper and valid charge against its net efficiency.

If the whole field of social insurance could be explored and recommendations made with as thorough statistical foundations as has the field of unemployment insurance and relief in these pages we could tell in what direction the movement is taking us. We could also recognize the danger spots where the freedom and self-determination of the people at large are in jeopardy, and could illustrate precisely what permanent social value can be created for all time by the establishment of the machinery of an integrated social insurance plan. Lacking those studies, the empirical development of the various schemes with subsequent integration will have to proceed in a very costly and ponderous fashion.

EDWIN H. WILSON.

An Indian Looks at America

This book* has been well received by the Indian press. One Indian journal has great praise for Dr. Bose, calling him the Washington Irving of today. It goes on to say that he is doing for America what Washington Irving did for England. The author who is in the Department of Political Science at the State University of Iowa is internationally known as a competent critic of both American and Indian life. His new book, "Mother America", therefore, will be eagerly read.

Prohibition finds in Dr. Bose an ardent champion. "Prohibition, I maintain, is a success. It is indeed, the greatest piece of social legislation ever undertaken in modern times." When this book was being written the author would have been to a great extent alone, but now the tide is turning. Dr. Bose is becoming a prophet. At any rate he championed a cause when it was unpopular to do so.

The author has, however, no respect for the Coolidge era. He quotes the late president's Thanksgiving proclamation as "obscene self-complacency. Indeed, Doctor Coolidge's smug Proclamation was dubbed by the *Christian Century*, 'Congratulating the Almighty'." He has even less respect for Katherine Mayo, the author of "Mother India." She "is a female of inventive mendacity. Being adept at sweeping generalization, she does not feel at home with truth." Dr. Bose ought to know. He is a native of India as well as an instructor in an American University. He has much more to say about Miss Mayo, but the reader must go to the book itself to appreciate all the racy paragraphs.

The chapter on the "permanent wave of crime" ought to be read by every American. Here are examples of all sorts of revolting American acts from the Loeb-Leopolds to the country side atrocities culled from Iowa papers. It is a blood curdling account of what happens in "God's own country."

Dr. Bose champions the Negro equally with John Cowper Powys' "Autobiography." These two men can see the situation with unprejudiced eyes. Another reason why we might well ponder their words.

The author's words about American universities are also penetrating:

> Some of these institutions are little better than high schools, while others are real centers of culture and learning."

His summary of political parties is on the same vein:

> The organization and methods of the Republican Party as well as of the Democratic Party are alike. Their platforms, if placed side by side, bear a family resemblance. Their party "Principles" are mere window dressing, meaningless phrases, traps to cage votes. Their promises too, are in large part of the same sort: Empty.

C. A. HAWLEY.

*"Mother America," by Sudhindra Bose, Ph. D., Baroda, India. 1934. $2.00.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 242)

she became an active member of the Unitarian church, and a keen worker in all causes touching the welfare of women and children. She took part in the Women's Suffrage movement in England.

In 1915 she left Montreal in order to nurse the wounded Russian soldiers in the hospitals of Southern France. It was here she met the mother of the Russian Revolution—Madame Breshkovsky-Babuska — who influenced her immensely and the deepest friendship existed between them until Babuska's death.

Mrs. Weller learned to speak Russian fluently. Babuska told her while they were in France together of the poor Ruthenian people who were living in the Carpathians in Slovakia, and who needed the social help and instruction which she could so well give. She left France in 1919 and in 1921 she went to Prague.

In 1922 she went to the little out-of-the-way mountain village of Nereznice in the very east of Slovakia and started a Children's Home where she became like a second mother to many poor and orphaned children. Her Home became a sort of clinic to the villagers for miles around. How many people, young and old, were clothed with garments sent out from the Unitarian friends in England and the United States, Canada and India! One of the orthodox Greek Catholic priests who spoke at her funeral showed me the frock coat he wore, and said that inside the pocket was a name he could not read. But I saw at once that it was the name of one of our revered American Unitarian ministers whom I know personally. Mrs. Weller was deeply interested in the education of the Ruthenian children and built at her own expense a large school in Nereznice which is a blessing to the district, educationally and culturally. She handed this building over to the local authorities. The writer recalls being present and witnessing her deep joy on the opening day.

Mrs. Weller died at Memracs, Slovakia, in the hospital there and was buried on Sunday, December 23rd. Her only child, Madame Champsaur, was with her at the end. A very large crowd of mourners came from neighboring towns and villages to the funeral and included officials of the State, of many educational and charitable institutions, and the poor and the students whom she had blessed. It was a unique occasion, for the service was conducted by a Lutheran minister who spoke Hungarian; then short addresses were delivered by Greek orthodox priests in Russian; and her old friend, the Rev. F. Hankinson, a Unitarian, spoke in English. One who had been a soldier in the hospital in France told of her washing the soldiers' wounds with her own hands and befriending them, then after the War assisting them to start life again. He said that the Russian soldiers who came under

her care held her in everlasting memory.

A male choir of Ruthenians sang an old Russian hymn and as the sun set in the afternoon sky we bid farewell to a life that had shone in this distant outpost and cheered so many needy souls. She had lived the last twelve years of her life in the Carpathian mountains and amongst the poor people whom she loved to serve and who will remember her as Mother and Friend.

FRED HANKINSON.
Budapest, Hungary

Britain's New "Sedition Bill"

By Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes

There has been a lot of scare talk about Fascism in England. This has been based primarily on the antics of Sir Oswald Mosley, leader of the British black shirts.

It is probable that the Mosley movement is chiefly noise and bluster. But there has recently been passed in the British Parliament an amazing act which provides unmistakable evidence of a trend toward that type of legislation which has everywhere in Europe preceded the rise of Fascism. I refer to the "Incitement to Disaffection Bill."

This law provides a fine of £200 and two years' imprisonment for possessing or spreading any literature that might "seduce His Majesty's forces from their duty or allegiance."

Even more astonishing is the provision that High Court justices who suspect that anyone has in his possession such seditious literature may authorize the police, "if necessary by force, to search the premises or place and every person found therein and to seize anything found on the premises or place or any person."

That such an act as this could have been passed in twentieth century England seems almost incredible. It not only repudiates the achievements for free speech and press secured over a hundred years ago as a result of the battles by John Wilkes, William Cobbett, William Godwin and others, but even challenges elementary British liberties.

The British government alleges that it has no intention to evoke this law except in the case of direct and unmistakable efforts to spread insurrectionary appeals within the army or navy.

The inevitable effects of the law are already apparent in a letter sent to the *Manchester Guardian* by seven of the most important publishers in England:—

"During the past week the proofs of a children's annual have been returned to the publisher with a letter from the printer saying that certain marked passages could not safely be printed in view of the fact that the Incitement to Disaffection bill would already be law by the time the annual appeared.

"The passages in question undoubtedly contain anti-war propaganda, which it is not for us either to defend or to criticize, but it is clear that the annual itself is written for children, and equally clear that it is not addressed to, or intended for, circulation among members of His Majesty's forces.

"Yet we feel sure that in view of the vague wording of the bill this incident will not be an isolated one, and that the result of the bill as it stands today will be to impose a severe burden on both printers and publishers; and

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in the end to set up what will in fact be a secret, unofficial and most embarrassing form of censorship exercised by printers (who will quite naturally have regard for the principle of 'safety first') over the publication of any literature of an anti-militarist character."

Extremes to which the law might go were well indicated by George Lansbury, the leader of the Labor party:—

"What possessor of a copy of Our Savior's blessed Sermon on the Mount would be safe?" he asked. "He might use it to seduce a simple sailor."

The Bishop of Birmingham pointed out to the Attorney General that he could not criticize British policy in India without becoming liable under the act, for his criticism might have an adverse effect upon the royal forces doing duty in India.

The significance of this British act has been very well pointed out by Mr. Leo Huberman in the *Scholastic:*

"Certainly the passage of the sedition bill gives point to the argument that freedom of speech and the press are observed only so long as they are not dangerous. Once there is a hint of danger, then these 'traditional' liberties are swept away. That was true in our own country in wartime, as it appears to be true in England today."—*The World-Telegram, New York.*

Announcement

Anna Louise Strong is in America, coming from Moscow for a two months lecture tour, to consult editors and to facilitate the publication of an autobiography of her Thirteen Years in the Soviet Union, soon to be published by Henry Holt and Company.

She is now on her western trip. She handles Recent Events, Litvinoff and League, Soviet Elections where many American workers were elected. Address: Hotel Wolcott, 4 W. 31st St., N. Y. C.

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